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THE OPINION

Published every Saturday,

BY BEN: F. STANTON.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

BRADFORD.

EAST CORINTH.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RELIGIOUS MEETINGS.

CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY.
REV. L. H. ELLIOTT, PASTOR. SERvices at 11.00 A. M., and 5 P. M. Sunday School at 12 M.

METHODIST E. SOCIETY.
REV. J. M. C. FULTON, PASTOR. SERvices at 11.00 A. M., and 6.30 P. M. Sunday School at 12 M.

SOCIETY MEETINGS.

CHARITY LODGE, NO. 43. REGULAR Communications on Wednesday of the week in which the moon fulls. Mr. LEBANON R. A. CHAPTER. Meetings on Tuesday evening of the week in which the moon fulls. BRADFORD COUNCIL, No. 11. Meetings at Masonic Hall on Tuesday evening of the week in which the moon fulls, in the months of September, December, March and June.

WAITS RIVER GRANGE meets at Shepardson's Hall, every Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock.

—A man in Rockville, Conn., has sent the following bill to a neighbor:

To pasturing thirteen hens from April 1 to November 1, thirty weeks, at ten cents each per week, $39.00. Please remit without delay. A. B. C.

—Writes a Saratoga scribbler: The most elaborately dressed lady at the springs is from the Sunny South. She has been here a little over a fortnight, and arrived fresh and rosy from the death-bed of her husband. Since it transpired that she wore her mourning habiliments but forty-eight hours, and left them at home, there has been considerable *scan. mag.* on her callousness. But the poor woman is to be pitied, for the dear departed was her fourth, and she is here in search of a successor to him, with $70,000 a year thrown in. Earnest women, as she, ought to be encouraged.

WHY IS THAT SO? There are 926 distilleries in the State of Virginia where license prevails, and not one in Maine or Vermont, where prohibition is the law of the State. Yet there were once hundreds of distilleries in these two States. What is the teaching of these stern facts?

The Emperor of China told our Embassador, in reference to the opium trade, that he would never consent to derive a revenue from the vices of his people, but then he is only a "heathen;" and civilized and Christianized America derives over $90,000,000 from the vices of its inhabitants!

A Wayside Thought.

BY LYDIA E. WHITE.

We have our narrow little creeds
And do our narrow work,
And him that falleth not therein
We judge to be a shirk.
We pour our burdened souls in prayer
For him that doeth not
Some lifeless, ster'otyped thing,
That seems to us he ought.

We strive to bind God's boundless grace
With human, cobweb ties,
And fear our brother 's sinking down
When he essays to rise.
We draw a veil before his face,
And blur his yearning sight,
And turn God's pure and perfect day
Into the shades of night.

Like children at their games of ball,
We throw our logic vast,
And then surprised are we to see
It wildly hurry past,
Some dear one hitting in the eye
Just as it ope'd to see
God's clear and everlasting truth
In all its liberty.

O, God, we thank Thee we can come
Directly to Thy love;
That all below it permeates,
As it doth all above;
That we can take—not filtered through
A morbid human brain—
Its limpid richness to our soul
Without one mote or stain.

Our Halloween.

"Can't we have some kind of a good time on Halloween, do something to remember this one particular night, for we shall never all be together again—something on the soul-harrowing, blood-creeping order, as befits the night?"

We were a merry party of schoolgirls, most of whom were already beginning to aspire to the dignity of young-ladyhood; but just where the dignity came in I fail to remember, for a madder, merrier set never waked the echoes in that old school building of M., or made the staid townspeople hold up their hands in horror at these wild pranks.

The time was close at hand when our band would be broken up, and so we wanted a remembrance of this last Halloween. Plan after plan was brought up, discussed and rejected. We were about giving up, as no two seemed to agree, when Belle Brown arose in her majesty and said: "I'll tell you, girls; all come up to our house, and we'll try having a supper. You know you are bound to see your future husbands if you give them something to eat. Not a hot supper, you know, but a real nice cold one; and if the spirits of our future spouses don't appear and devour everything, we can eat the supper ourselves, and manage to have a little fun anyhow."

Now, Belle's father was a widower, and she his precious only; consequently she ruled the house, the good and most fond father giving up to her wildest schemes with a gentle sigh of resignation that was touching to behold, especially when we all knew Belle got her love for fun and her great ingenuity for getting into and out of scrapes from that same father.

Now the rest of us made up our minds frequently to have certain doings and gatherings at home, but the making up of our minds and getting the heads of the house to make up theirs in the same direction were two entirely different things. So most of our plans for what we called a regular "train" were very apt to come to an untimely death. But when Belle arose in her might and grasped her scepter, we knew the thing was bound to go, whatever it might be. How we did envy that girl her unbounded power over her father and that deaf old housekeeper, who couldn't hear us if we pulled the whole house down about her ears! I don't think we meant anything very bad by it, but I don't beleive there ever was any one so afflicted whose affliction was the subject of so much secret rejoicing and congratulation. You see, most of us were apt to be brought up rather suddenly in our mad career by the persuasive remark of one high in household power—"I will not have it. This noise must be stopped; it's enough to wake the Seven Sleepers." Few of us had much sympathy for the above-mentioned Seven Sleepers, and would a little rather have waked them than not. If sleep and death are so near akin, I think we were waking them in good old Irish style.

Belle, as mistress of ceremonies and hostess, arranged the plan for our frolic. It was to be kept a profound secret from all but the initiated. We were to assemble at her house, have as much fun as we could in the early part of the evening in story-telling and games. A table was to be set with a plate for every girl present. Our future husbands were expected, if they behaved as all well-bred spirits were said to, on that night, to enter as the clock struck twelve, and seat themselves, each one at the plate of that particular fair who was to represent all of hope, joy, truth, faith, and all the other virtues for his especial edification the rest of his natural life. If any were to die unmarried, that seat would be left a miserable blank.

I remember we spent some time discussing whether we should put our names on the plates representing us. Some thought that the spirits couldn't amount to much if they couldn't find their right places without such distinct pointing out. It was decided, after much talking, to use the names, as one of the girls said, "to prevent all mistakes and future heartaches."

The eventful evening came, and a merry party we were. We tried all the projects we could think of, even to bobbing for apples in a basin of water. As it grew later we grew quieter. It was a dismal night; the wind howled and moaned as though all the spirits of the air were abroad. The old trees around the house tossed their branches in the wild air, and moaned with loud complaining. Our table was most temptingly set forth with many a dainty. We looked at it with longing eyes, and it had certainly been arranged more to the substantial tastes of us mortals than the airy sort of fare that we are taught to believe specters prefer. I should think the poor, cold, half-starved things would be glad of any excuse to get a good solid meal.

The house sat rather high, with a long terraced walk to the front gate. It was an old-fashioned brick, with a wide hall running through the entire centre and large rooms on each side. On one side was the family sitting-room, with the dining-room directly back. Here we held our court.

As the time wore on, our talk grew strongly tinctured with the supernatural. All the ghost stories we had ever heard or read were aired, to the shivering delight of the greater number, although some of the braver ones did pooh-pooh them, and say; "stuff and nonsense." We knew they only did it to appear brave. And oh, goodness! how the courage was slowly but surely oozing out at our finger-ends!

The household were all wrapped in the slumbers of the just. As the night wore on, everything grew so still, all sounds of life seemed to have ceased. Nothing to be heard but the sobbing and sighing of the wind through the trees around the house, and occasionally a louder shriek that sent the shivers of fear creeping over us. But we only huddled the closer together, feeling there was comfort in numbers and nearness. We began to grow exceedingly nervous and very quiet, for the "witching hour" was almost come.

Directly the old clock in the hall pealed out, the twelve strokes falling with a clear ring that cut on the still air. I think we all held our breaths till the last faint echo died, when one of the girls convulsively grasped my hand, saying: "What's that? Listen."

And we did listen. I know that no more strained, solemn silence was ever kept. Sharp upon the midnight air came the steady tramp, tramp of footsteps. Through the gate, up the walk, and slowly around the house they went. Another time steadily around, and yet another. The mystic circle of three is then complete, and as we listened with blanched faces and dilated eyes, the steps came upon the front porch, the hall door flew open with a crash, and tramp came the feet toward the dining-room. The door was flung wide, and, may I never gaze on such a hideous band again! Two or three of the girls had quietly gone off in a gentle faint in one corner. If the rest of us don't faint, it was simply because we couldn't, for it would be the easiest way to shut out the horrid vision.

This band of demons, specters, goblins, or anything else you please, filed slowly around the table, led by one who had something like the head of a horse with the body of a man. There were ghastly grinning skulls and sheeted dead, and every horror one could think of. That we were not all turned to idots by fright was a mercy. Some of the girls were in hysterics, some screaming, some shivering with fear. The fainters had decidedly the best of it, as they were blissfully unconscious of the whole scene.

This band of brothers paid little attention to the uproar of the frightened girls, but chose their seats, and deliberately began an attack upon what we had expected and rather hoped would have been [illegible]

The first to recover herself was Belle. "I say, girls, these ghosts eat uncommonly like men, and seem to have very human appetites. Stop that awful noise over there," said Belle to some of the screamers, "and help me attack these creatures, and see whether they are not genuine flesh and blood, after all."

Belle, with most praiseworthy courage, made for the individual demon who had selected her card. She threw considerable more strength than elegance into the manner in which she releived that particular goblin of his outer wrappings, and, lo! he stood revealed, a most promising young doctor of the town. The sight of so well known a face gave some of the rest courage, and the gentlemen soon stood shorn of their ghostly toggery, and proved to be a set of young fellows whom we had always considered nice, quiet young men.

By this time, having taken much longer to write than to occur, the fainters consented to sit up, look interestingly pale, and altogether do the wilted lily business. I'm not so sure we didn't all look pale, but would not like to be positive about the interesting part. In vain we besought the youths to tell us how they learned of our frolic. Tortures wouldn't wring it from them. The evening ended pleasantly enough, but we had been so thoroughly frightened I don't think we would ever care to repeat the experiment. We were never able to discover who betrayed us, but always a sly suspicion of Belle's fun-loving father.

Most of the actors in that scene are widely scattered. Many are dead. Bright, queenly Belle had one of the saddest of lives, short as it was. But she rests quietly now, and but few know the story of her short, sad life. Some of the party are happy wives and mothers, although I never heard of any of them marrying the one that chose her that eventful night. Most of us parted soon after, never to meet again. But wherever the broad earth may hold them, I am sure they must sometimes give a thought to our mad frolic on Halloween.—*Bazar.*

THE CENTENNIAL. The Act of Congress which provided for "celebrating the one hundredth Anniversary of American Independence, by holding an International Exhibition of Arts, Manufactures, and Products of the Soil and Mine," authorized the creation of the United States Centennial Commission, and entrusted to it the management of the Exhibition. This body is composed of two Commissioners from each State and Territory, nominated by the respective Governors, and commissioned by the President of the United States. The enterprise, therefore, is distinctly a national one, and not, as has sometimes been stated, the work of a private corporation.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN. Young man, go to work. For goodness' sake quit loitering around the stores and saloons. Earn something for yourself, and don't sponge your living any longer, because the "old man" or the "old woman" don't see fit to drive you out to work; and when you get a few dollars ahead, don't go to a saloon and fool it away punching ivory balls around over a table with whip-stocks. Be a man. Show the world that you are able to earn an honest living by patient and persistent industry. Quit loafing. Buy a saw and go sawing wood, if nothing better offers. It will give you a sharp appetite for your hash, and you will have the proud satisfaction of knowing that you earned it honorably. X.

MARION AND MARION'S MEN. It is said that Marion often encamped at The Oaks, the owners, the Middletons, having been from the first devoted patriots. And this brings up again Marion and Marion's Men, a little band who probably never dreamed that they were to go down on the page of history, embalmed in poetry and romance and song, figures strong in local South Carolina coloring, and yet known all over the country almost as widely as George Washington himself. General Francis Marion, who, as the angry and harrassed British officer complained, "would not fight like a Christian and a gentleman," belonged to the Huguenot colony of the Santee, north of Charleston, the same Santee that owned those High Hills. On the formation of the Revolutionary army of Carolina, Marion was made a captain in the regiment commanded by Moultrie; he rose to a colonelcy before the evacuation of Charleston, and, escaping the fate of prisoner of war which fell to Moultrie and many other officers, he collected the fragments of his regiment together in the recesses of the swamps, and from that moment became a dread to the whole British army in the South. Marion made war in his own way; now here, now there; now seen, now gone, he was like a meteor in the night, and the successes gained by his extraordinay swiftness and daring seemed marvelous alike to friend and to foe. He selected young men for his band, generally from his own neighbors of French descent; he lived in the swamps; he swam rivers on horseback; his favorite encampment was a canebrake. He did not wait for all his troops, but sallied out frequently with only ten or twelve; he took saws from the mills, and turned into swords; he frequently engaged when he had but three rounds to a man. Scouts were kept out constantly, and when word was borught in of a small party of the enemy anywhere, then forth went Marion's Men like lightening after them. It is said that he was so secret in his plans that his own soldiers had no idea when they were to be called out, and that their only way of knowing was to watch their negro cook; when the old man was seen cooking a little store of the poor food which was their only fare, then they prepared for departure. Marion's favorite time for starting was sunset, and then the march lasted all night. Marion's Men—brave, shoeless, ragged, blanketless, gallant little band—the following is a verse of one of the many songs that were made about them:

"Our band is few, but true and tried.
Our leader swift and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress tree;
We know the forest round us
As seamen know the sea;
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark Morass."—BRYANT.

It is said that Cornwallis had an especial fear of Marion, and never sat down in any strange house in the neighborhood of Charlestown, but always on a piazza or under a tree, that with his own eyes he could watch for the swift-darting foe. Poor Cornwallis! what joy swept over the country when he was taken! Even the Dutch watchmen of Philadelphia called the news after midnight, "Bast twelfe o'glock, and Cornwallis es daken!"—CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON, in *Harper's Magazine for December.*

CANARIES. Says a writer: In this way I answer the question of "how I had such luck with birds?" Simply by allowing the birds to attend to their own affairs, and by letting them understand that their mistress would never harm them. Also, by accustoming them to plenty of light and air and company, rather than, as recommended in books, keeping the cage in a dark room, for fear of frightening the birds. Make just half the fuss directed in bird books over the matter, and you will have double the success in raising birds. Never give them sugar, but all the red pepper they will eat. It is the best thing for them. And if your bird feels hoarse at any time put a piece of fat salt pork in the cage, and see how the little fellow will enjoy it, and listen for the result. Give him flax-seed once in a while, and if he appears dumpy occasionally give a diet of bread and butter, with red pepper sprinkled in.

"BLOODY MARY."—Mary had reigned a little more than five years, and in the last three of them she fell to a depth to which few have reached. She won for herself a name of infamy which will stand forever in men's speech. She will ever be styled "The Bloody Mary." Pity it is that the epithet can not be transferred from her in person to the principle of which she made herself in her day the exponent—the principle of persection in the name of religion true or false.

The Marian persecution was one of ineffable cruelty and atrocity—a cruelty and atrocity not to be measured by the number of its victims, but by the reason for which they were sacrificed. It was, of all other persecutions, a persecution solely and entirely for conscience' sake. Not one of its victims could by any stretch of ingenuity be considered as dangerous to the state. The victims of Alva in the Netherlands belonged to a sect avowedly inimical to Spanish rule; they might be in a sort regarded as rebels against the government. The French Huguenots who perished in the dragonnades of Louis XIV had been, as a sect, in arms against the king and his predecessors. The English Protestants who suffered under Mary only sought to worship God in the way they thought acceptable to Him Protestants there were in the kingdom who might be dangerous to the government; but not one of these suffered at the stake, not one was even called in question by the ecclesiastical courts of Pole and Gardiner and Bonner. No earl, baron, or knight was interrogated by the inquisitorial commission. Almost nine-tenths of those who suffered belonged to those distinctively classed as "the common people," and two-thirds of these to the more humble portion of that class, and a third of the whole number were women and children. There are four or five lists, nearly agreeing, of those who suffered at the stake; the lowest list contains 270 names, the highest 290. Of these, 5 were or had been bishops 21 clergymen, 8 gentlemen, 84 tradesmen about 100 husbandmen, laborers, and servants, 55 women, and 4 children; one of these was born while the mother was actualy at the stake, and was tossed into the flames. Beside these, there were about a hundred others who were "lamentably destroyed" by imprisonment, famine, and torment.—A. H. Guernsey, in *Harper's Magazine for December.*

VERMONT AND THE CENTENNIAL. Our Philadelphia correspondent again calls attention to the importance of having Vermont represented at the Centennial exhibition in Philadelphia next year. As yet nothing has been done, so far as we know, to have any of the products of the State exhibited, except by a few business men who are shrewd enough to see that it will be worth something to them to let the world know what they are manufacturing and wishing to sell. Other States are making arrangements to have their various industries represented. There is a growing sentiment that this State ought not to let this matter go by default. Something ought to be done without delay. The people of Vergennes have suggested that an extra session of the Legislature be called for the purpose of making arrangements and appropriations, and a rumor has become current that Gov. Peck is considering the question. There is no doubt that an appropriation could now be secured, but a great deal would then depend upon individual enterprise. "The question," says the St. Albans *Messenger*, "now is, not whether it is desirable for Vermont to be represented at the Centennial, but whether the State ought to undertake the supervision, or leave such of its people as can afford to exhibit to make their way, without aid, system or organization amid the immense throng of competing interests, and such as cannot afford to exhibit, unaided, to keep their goods at home. This question deserves discussion, and whenever the best, most effective and economical course can be intelligently determined, we ought as a State or people to adopt it speedily and be making our preparations.—*Rutland Herald*